

ALL ORIGINAL MONSTER SPECIAL

NIGHTMARE

NUMBER 16 DEC 1973

T.M.

"THE
VOODOO
DEAD"
AWAIT YOU
WITHIN!



A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

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THE HOUSE OF THE HORROR-MOOD

... the tales of the HORROR-MOOD are writ in a weird HOUSE OF HORRORS in the wee, dark hours of the late morning ... how many tales there exactly ARE yet unwritten is UNKNOWN and better left undiscovered — but we know THIS — there's a whole UGLY BUNCH of stories bein' illustrated now that ... ugh ... that never should've been WRITTEN in the FIRST PLACE ... unfortunately we have no control over what Archaic Al and Emotionally-Disturbed Ed and Jaundiced Jane and Awkward Augustine DO within those ghastly, cobwebbed rooms — all we can do is PUBLISH their weird stuff so, if you can STOMACH it, here's a sickening PREVIEW of some tales to be unleashed SOON within these pages ...

HORROR PREVIEW

WEIRD

THE VAULT

... THESE ARE
COMIC TREASURES

AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND
AND INVITE YOUR INTEREST ... MISS THEM NOT ...

FRANKENSTEIN

THE
HUMAN
GARGOYLES

VS. THE

HUMAN DEAD

THE
DAY
OF
THE
DEAD

THE DEATH PIT

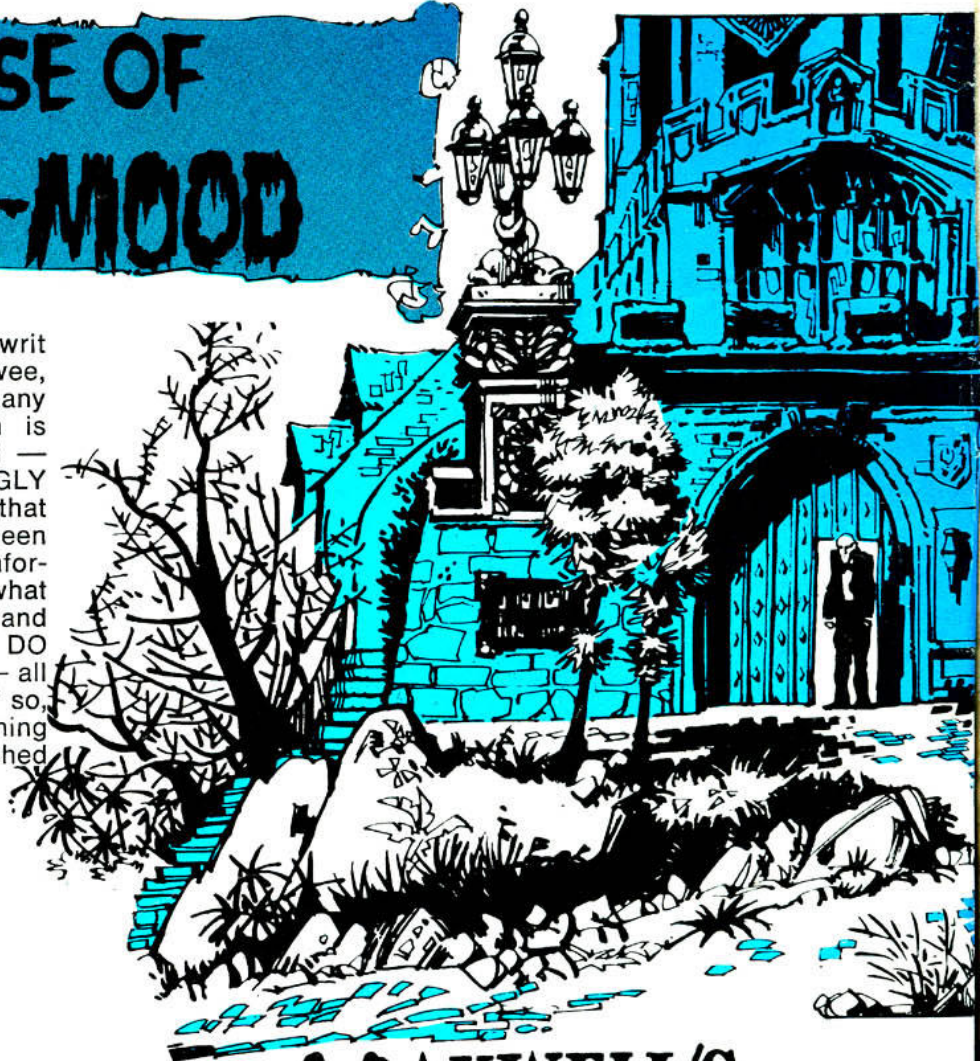
THE
NIGHT
OF
THE
LIVING

THE VAMPIRE! THE HOUSE OF USHER

MAXWELL'S BLOODY HAMMER

THE
PHANTOM
OF
THE
OPERA

THE
FREAK



... tales of horror all, from the House of the Horror-mood ...

...welcome to **THE VOODOO DEAD** and **THE WEREWOLF MACABRE** and the **GHOUL OUT OF HELL** and **THE ROOTS OF ALL EVIL** and **THE VAMPYRE** and **HELL HATH NO FACE...**
all tales of **HORROR** scripted to **TORMENT YOU...**

— PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

— CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST JAD

BORRELL MAELO CINTRON GENE DAY ED FEDORY

AUGUSTINE FUNNELL PABLO MARCOS MARO NAVA RUBIO

SUSO RICARDO VILLAMONTE ZESAR

NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

THE **VAMPYRE!**

THE **BIRTH OF A BEAST** **HELL HATH NO FACE**

...**WITHIN** IS A QUIET HELPLESS YOUNG GIRL...
A BIT **RESTLESS...** FOR OUTSIDE IS A **FULL MOON...**



...AND AS ITS **RAYS** STREAK IN THROUGH THE **WINDOW** IT HAS A **REACTION** UPON HER...
OBSCENE GROWTHS OF **HAIR** APPEAR ON HER **FACE** AND **HANDS...**

...**HAIR** THAT GROWS **THICK** AND **MATTED...** AND WITH IT COMES IMMEASURABLE **STRENGTH...**



DRAGNET: WEREWOLF

THE ROOTS OF ALL EVIL

DEATH
SAY US DEATH!

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I'VE HAD IT
WITH THIS CITY...I
CAN'T MOVE AN INCH
WITHOUT BEING
TAILED BY THE
POLICE...

...AN' EVERY
CITY IN THE
COUNTRY IS LIKE
THIS... I'M
GETTING OUT...



...TO SOMEWHERE
A VAMPIRE CAN
OPERATE WITHOUT
THE DAMN LAW
BREATHING DOWN MY
NECK EVERYTIME I
MAKE A MOVE...



SO STARTS THE SHORT TALE OF **RAUL MUNDI, VAMPIRE**,
AS HE LEAVES THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SERENITY OF THE
CARIBBEAN...WE WARN YOU THO', DEAR READER, THIS IS
NOT A TALE FOR THE WEAK ...FOR THIS TALE OF
AN AMERICAN VAMPIRE IS THE SAGA OF...

THE

VOODOO DEAD

WRITTEN BY JOE DENTYN

ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE



...NOW THAT
I'M AWAY FROM
THE CENTER OF
THINGS I THINK I
MIGHT HAVE MADE
A MISTAKE...

...I MISS
THE ACTION AND
EXCITEMENT...

...AND I MISS THE
VICTIMS...

PERHAPS I WAS **BORED**
IN THE CITY...

...PERHAPS THE
SPIRIT OF THE HUNT
IS MORE **SATISFYING**
THAN THE **ACTUAL**
SATIATION OF THE
LUST!

WHAT--

...IS
THIS?

...SOME
SORT OF
CEREMONY...


...OF...
EVIL...

...PERHAPS
IF I TRIED
TO **ENJOY** THE
BLOODLUST
INSTEAD OF
GRUDGINGLY
ACCEPTING
IT I MIGHT
BE MORE **RE-**
WARDED...

AMHARIOS--
TUBERON!!

...WEIRD CHANTING--
LIKE **VOODOO RITUAL...** BUT
THOSE **BEASTS--** WHAT ARE
THEY?


Ricardo
MAMONZ



AMHARIOS--
GRANT ME CONTINUED
POWER OVER THESE
PREHISTORIC RELICS--
THE **BEASTS** WHO **SERVE**
ME ALSO **SERVE YOU...**


SINCE MY **DISCOVERY**
THEIR **PRESERVED REMAINS** IN
THE CAVES THEY HAVE WIELDED
ME **IMMENSE RESPECT** FROM
THE **NATIVES...**

...THEY HAVE COME TO
REVERE AND FEAR THE VOODOO
...THEY ARE YOUR **SERVANTS,**
AMHARIOS...



...SEE
AMHARIOS?--HOW
THEY PULL THIS
TRESPASSER FROM
HIS INVISIBLE PLACE
IN THE TREES...


...I AM...
NO **ORDINARY**
TRESPASSER, WITCH-
PRIESTESS...
I WARN YOU...



...NOT
ORDINARY?
PERHAPS NOT
ORDINARY TO **YOUR**
MIND... BUT TO **ME...**
YOU **SUCCUMB** TO THE
VOODOO LIKE
ANYONE!!

AMHARIOS
...**DEDONEY...**
...**DESIORET...**

DESTROY
HIM!!



...TAKE HIM TO
THE CAVE...

...THERE...YOU CAN
DO WITH HIS **BODY**
WHATEVER YOU
WILL...

...BEING **CANNIBALS**,
I HAVE **NO DOUBT** AS
TO **WHAT** EXACTLY YOU
WILL DO WITH IT!

...HE... IS A
HANDSOME
FIGURE OF A
MAN... I WONDER
WHAT HE **MEANT** WHEN
HE SAID HE WAS **NO**
ORDINARY MAN...
NOW... I SUPPOSE,
I'LL NEVER KNOW...

...SUCH A **PITY**...

...NOW AS I **ADMIRE**
HIM, HE IS DEAD! SUCH A **PITY**!
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE
EXORCISED **LESS DRASTIC** A
CHANT... MADE HIM A **SLAVE**
INSTEAD OF A **DEAD MAN**...

...YET AS A **MIND-
LESS SLAVE** HE'D
BE AS **USELESS** AS
THE **DIM-WITTED**...

**PREHISTORIC BEAST-
MEN** WHO SERVE ME...
THEY ARE NO
COMPANY...

I NEED
A MAN...

...AND I AM
...SO **STUPID**...

...FOR I HAVE JUST
MURDERED A MAN...
ONE WITH ALL
THE QUALITIES...
I **DESIRE**...

THUS, THE VOODOO PRIESTESS
REMORSEFULLY LEAVES THE
DEAD-MAN TO THE BEASTS...



YOU'RE...
ALIVE?

HOW IS THIS
POSSIBLE?

...THUS, HER POWER NO LONGER
OMNIPRESENT, THE DEAD MAN
AWAKES FROM THE DEAD...



...I'LL NOT GIVE
YOU A **SECOND**
CHANCE TO PUT ME
UNDER YOUR
DOMINANCE!

OBVIOUSLY,
VOODOO WITCH,
YOU WIELD
TREMENDOUS SPIRITUAL
POWER...

...ON THIS
OCCASION...IT
IS I WHO
STRIKES
FIRST!!





...ONE VAMPIRE DIES...



...AND ANOTHER VAMPIRE,
NEW BORN, COMES TO LIFE...

YOU...
KILLED
HIM...
MY AVENGERS...
MY LOYAL
DISCIPLES...YOU
SLAUGHTERED
HIM...YOU
THOUGHT...TO
AVENGE
YOUR DEAD
MISTRESS...

...BUT, I AM
NOT DEAD...
THO' I WOULD NOW
RATHER BE...
YOU HAVE **KILLED**
THE **ONLY** MAN WHO
MIGHT EVEN HAVE
BEEN **RIGHT** FOR
ONE SUCH AS I...

...NOW--ALL
THAT IS **LEFT** FOR
ME IS AN **ENDLESS**
PARODY OF EVIL...



...A MOMENT'S FLEETING
CHANCE FOR **HAPPINESS** FOR
TWO WHO MEET IN THE NIGHT...
BUT...IT WAS ONCE WRITTEN: "**IF**
YE LIVE BY EVIL YE SHALL DIE
BY EVIL"...AND ON THIS NIGHT...
TWO OF EVIL: DIED...





... THIS IS **TED WILLIAMS**...
... HE LIVES IN CHICAGO IN THESE EARLY 1970'S...

...HE IS THE POLICE COMMISSIONER...
...WITH RESPONSIBILITIES AND
FRUSTRATIONS THAT HE HANDLES ABLY...



... BUT WHEN COMES THE NIGHT, HE **BROODS**...
... A **NEW** FEELING, SOMETHING PERHAPS **LATENT** WITHIN...



...WHEN COMES **THIS** NIGHT, WHEN A FULL **MOON** GLOWS THROUGH
THE **RAIN**, HE SEEMS TO LOSE HIS **FACULTIES**... HE BECOMES
INSENSITIVE -- WHEN HE WALKS IT IS WITHOUT A **DESTINATION**
THAT HE KNOWS OF...



...YET WHEN HE SEES THE SMALL SHOP
HE KNOWS TO **STOP**...





... OUTSIDE THE BAD MOON RISES HIGHER... AND HIGHER... TED WILLIAMS' BLOOD **SEETHES** -- HIS MIND **DIMS** -- HIS SENSES **DULL** -- AND FOR THE FIRST TIME... HE BECOMES...

THE WEREWOLF MACABRE

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON

CHAPTER ONE

ILLUSTRATED BY RUBIO AND SUSO

THE BIRTH OF A BEAST

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...



...IN THE MORNING, THE POLICE COMMISSIONER WOKE UP LYING IN AN **ALLEY**...
 ...HE DID NOT REMEMBER HOW HE **GOT** THERE...
 ...FURTHER, THE PAIN IN HIS HEAD CONVINCED HIM HE MUST'VE BEEN DRINKING THE NIGHT BEFORE...AND THAT HE DID DRINK **TOO MUCH**...



...HE WAS DEPRESSED AS HE WALKED TO THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
 ...IT WAS **WRONG** FOR A MAN OF HIS OFFICE TO BECOME SO IRRESPONSIBLE...BUT **THAT** WAS NOT HIS MAIN WORRY...HIS ACTIONS HAD BEEN SO COMPLETELY **OUT OF CHARACTER**... HE WAS A SOBER **SHY** MAN... WHOSE HABITS **RARELY** PERMITTED MORE THAN 1 OR 2 DRINKS... CLEARLY, SOMETHING WAS **WRONG**...

...THIS HE THOUGHT AS HE WASHED, TILL HE WAS INTERRUPTED...







...SEE HERE
COMMISSIONER...

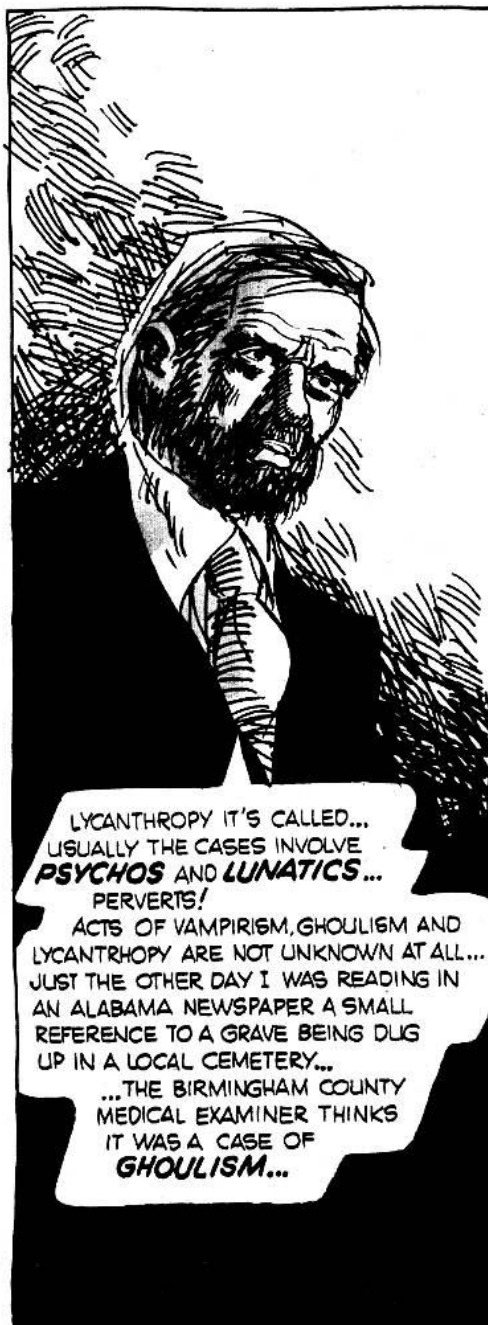
WHAT A
MESS!
...WHAT COULD
HAVE **DONE** THIS?

... I SUGGEST SIR...
THAT A WEREWOLF
DID THIS...



REWOLVES DO NOT
EXIST HARRISON...

AH, BUT THEY
DO SIR...
I AM A **DOCTOR**...
I KNOW... THERE
HAVE BEEN
OTHER CASES...
RARE BUT **REAL**
ENOUGH...



LYCANTHROPY IT'S CALLED...
USUALLY THE CASES INVOLVE
PSYCHOS AND **LUNATICS**...
PERVERTS!

ACTS OF VAMPIRISM, GHOULISM AND
LYCANTHROPY ARE NOT UNKNOWN AT ALL...
JUST THE OTHER DAY I WAS READING IN
AN ALABAMA NEWSPAPER A SMALL
REFERENCE TO A GRAVE BEING DUG
UP IN A LOCAL CEMETERY...

...THE BIRMINGHAM COUNTY
MEDICAL EXAMINER THINKS
IT WAS A CASE OF
GHOUISM...



...ALL THIS SUGGESTS
ONLY THE ACTIONS OF A
PERVERT... A **MAD-MAN**...

... LOOK...
...LOOK AT THIS
BODY...
...WHAT WERE **HUMAN**
COULD **RIP** A BODY
UP LIKE **THIS?...**



...THEN STARTS A **DRAGNET** IN THE CITY... WITHIN **HOURS** A MIGHTY
METROPOLITAN POLICE FORCE LURCHES INTO ACTION...
...PICKING UP CREEPS AND DEGENERATES...
...PATROLLING FOR SIGNS OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL...
...PARADING KNOWN **WEIRDOS** IN FRONT OF WITNESSES TO THE ORIGINAL CRIME...

...THAT NIGHT... COMMISSIONER
WILLIAMS WALKS THE FEW MILES
FROM POLICE-HEADQUARTERS TO
HIS APARTMENT-HOUSE HOME...AS
HE WALKS HIS MIND BECOMES
KIND-OF-CLOGGED-UP AND
MUDDY...



... HE SLOWS AND STOPS TO CLEAR
HIS LUNGS... HE CLUTCHES AT HIS
THROAT AS HE LOOKS UPWARDS
TO SEE THE FETID YELLOW-GREEN
MOON SLIDING INTO HIS MIND TO
REPLACE **REASON** WITH
MADNESS...



...AND CHANGES INTO...
A WEREWOLF MAGABRE...
AND... **ATTACKS...**

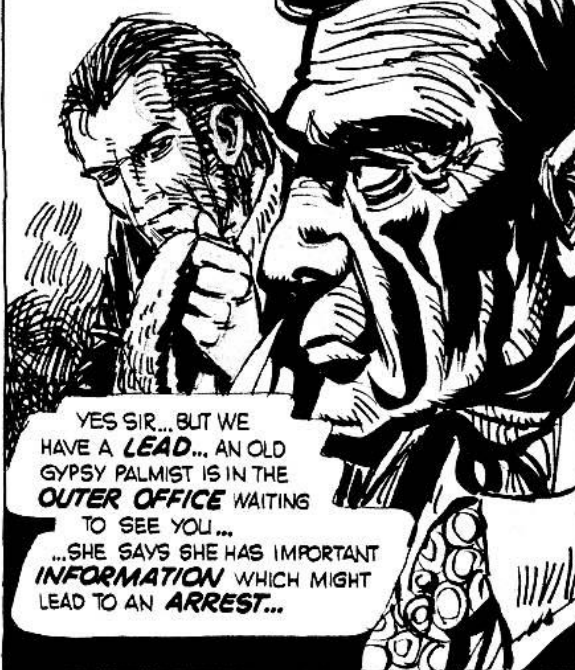


...AGAIN AS MORNING COMES IN A CHILL INTO THE WINDY CITY, TED WILLIAMS WAKES IN AN ALLEY... **THIS** TIME HE IS NOT MERELY **UPSET**... **THIS** TIME HE IS **FRANTIC**... AND **SUSPICIOUS**...



...ANOTHER VISCIOUS **ATTACK** COMMISSIONER... THIS TIME 4 PEOPLE ARE DEAD...

MY GOD... DESPITE OUR PRECAUTIONS...



YES SIR... BUT WE HAVE A **LEAD**... AN OLD GYPSY PALMIST IS IN THE **OUTER OFFICE** WAITING TO SEE YOU... SHE SAYS SHE HAS IMPORTANT **INFORMATION** WHICH MIGHT LEAD TO AN **ARREST**...

... GYPSY PALMIST?...



NO -- YOU INTERVIEW HER... GIVE ME A **REPORT**... I DIDN'T SLEEP WELL LAST NIGHT GORDON... NOT AT ALL... I NEED A **NAP**... WITH NO DISTURBANCES...



...WILLIAMS IS OPPRESSED... HE KNOWS NOW THERE IS SOME **LINK**... THE MENTION OF A GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER **MEANS** SOMETHING TO HIM... PERHAPS IT IS **OBSCURE** IN HIS MIND... BUT SOMEHOW IT IMPLICATES **HIM**... HE SLEEPS THE DAY AWAY...



...AND WHILE HE SLEEPS...WE GO INTO YESTERDAY
TO ESTABLISH HOW THIS ALL CAME TO BE...

... 1935: **AUSTRIA**... A GYPSY WOMAN IS
PREGNANT WITH MALE CHILD...



...THE FATHER IS **NOT A STRONG** MAN...HE IS A DRUNKARD...ALWAYS
FIGHTING AND SQUABBLING IN THE BAND OF BOHEMIAN NOMADS OF WHICH
HE IS THE LEAST IMPORTANT MEMBER...

...HE RETREATS INTO HIMSELF AND HIS WINES EVEN FURTHER...AND TAKES
UP WITH ANOTHER WOMAN... **A 'WITCH'**... A PRACTICIONER OF THE
BLACK ARTS...



...HE SOBERS AT THE THOUGHT OF HIS UNBORN CHILD WITHIN HIS WIFE...QUITS
HIS DRUNKEN CIRCUMSTANCE...RETURNS TO HIS HOME AND WOMAN...

...THE WITCH IS A VEANGFUL WITCH... AND BESTOWS ON HIM CERTAIN AWFUL
INCANTATIONS WHICH, WITHIN A MONTH, CAUSE HIM TO BECOME A WEREWOLF
AND TO ATTACK MEMBERS OF HIS GROUP...



...THEY KILL HIM IN THE FASHION GENERALLY USED TO KILL
WEREWOLVES... AND DRIVE HIS WOMAN FROM THEIR MIDST...
EVEN THOUGH SHE IS WITH CHILD...



...SHE COMES TO AMERICA FOR HER CHILD'S BENEFIT...
AND SHE DIES -- HE IS PLACED IN AN ORPHANAGE AND
THERE HE FORGETS ALL HE KNEW OF HIS MOTHER...ALL
HE SUSPECTED OF HIS FATHER AND HIS ORIGINS...

...NOW THE CHILD IS AN ADULT...WITHOUT A MEMORY-- HE
HAS ACCOMPLISHED **MUCH** IN HIS 36 YEARS... BUT
NOW AS HE BEGINS TO STIR FROM HIS REST, AT
NIGHTFALL...WE REJOIN HIM AS THE **ANTICIPATED**
BECOMES THE **PRESENT**...





...MY GOD...FEEL SO DAMNED **ODD** THESE DAYS...
...MY **HANDS**... COVERED IN **HAIR!!!**



...MY GOD...
DARE I ADMIT?...
CAN... CAN IT BE **ME?**...



...GOT TO GET **OUT**...
...GOT TO GET SOMEWHERE I CAN **HARM** NO-ONE...
BEFORE I LOSE MY **SENSES** AS I OBVIOUSLY DID **BEFORE**...



...NOW IT IS NO LONGER A **MYSTERY** TO **TED WILLIAMS**... NOW HE **KNOWS**... BUT IS HE IN **CONTROL** OF HIMSELF? CAN HE **MAINTAIN** HIS **SANITY**? A **BEAST** IS NOW **BORN**...
...JOIN US **NEXT** IN CHAPTER 2 OF THE **WEREWOLF MACABRE** FOR: **DAGNET: WEREWOLF**...

...**TED WILLIAMS**, POLICE COMMISSIONER AND MILD MANNERED LIBERAL BY DAY, HAS DEVELOPED THE WRETCHED HABIT OF WAKING UP IN **ALLEYS**... LYING IN THE GUTTER... NOT REMEMBERING WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THE NIGHT **BEFORE**... WHEN HE WAS **THE WEREWOLF MACABRE**...



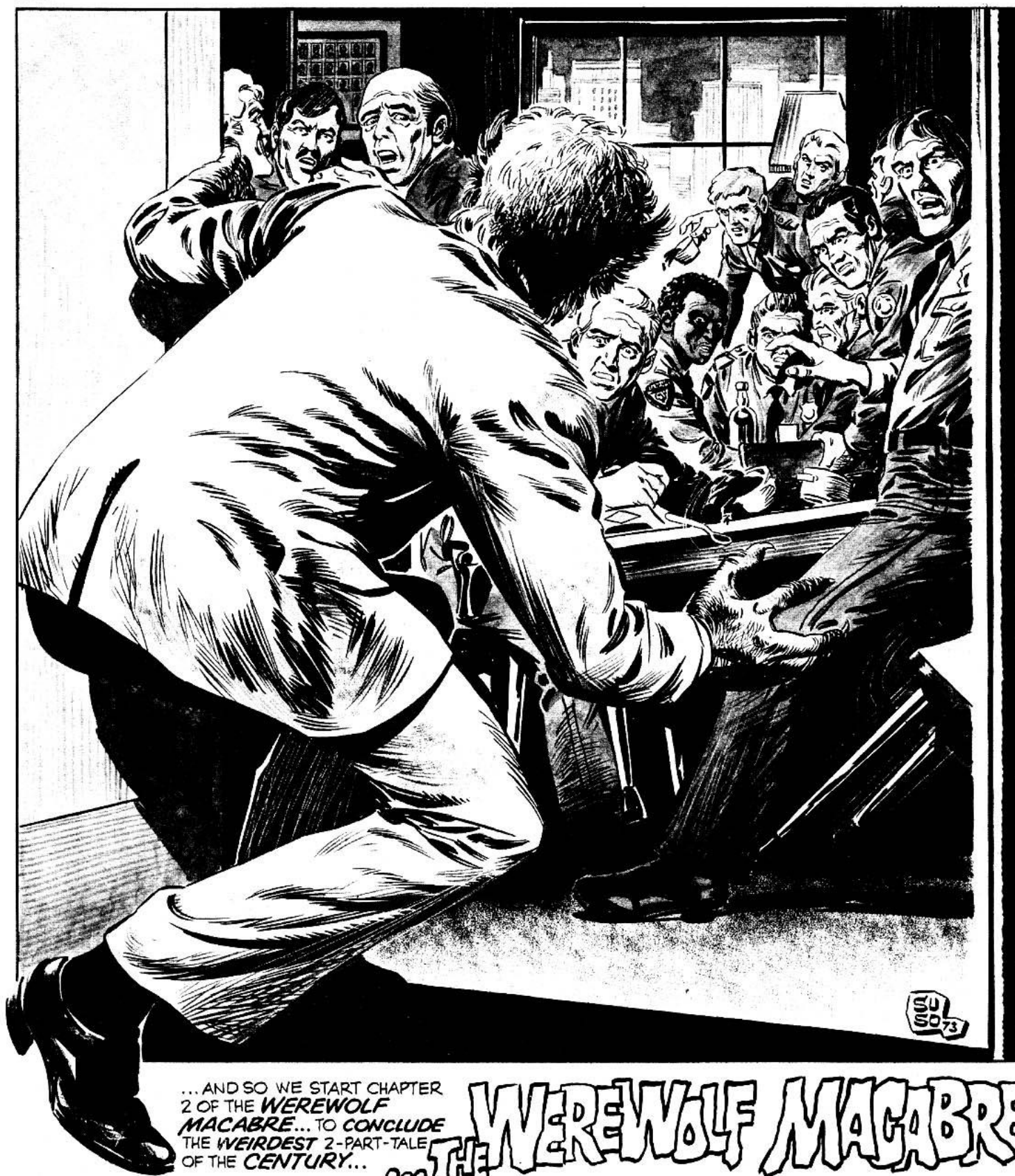
...IT STARTED ONLY **DAYS** BEFORE NOW... WHEN HE BEGAN TO **BROOD** COME **NIGHT**... AND COME THE **NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON** HE **TURNU** INTO A **RAGING, SNARLING BEAST** WITHOUT A **MIND**...

...BUT **ACTUALLY** IT STARTED MANY **YEARS** AGO... JUST BEFORE HIS **BIRTH** IN **RUMANIA** IN 1935... WHEN HIS **FATHER** WAS **CURSED** BY A VENGEFUL **GYPSY**... A CURSE WHICH EFFECTED AN AWFUL **CHANGE** IN THE FATHER'S **PHYSICAL BEING**... A CURSE WHICH WAS TRANSMITTED AT BIRTH TO HIS **SON**!



...WE MIGHT ASK **WHY NOW?** WHY IS THE CURSE BEING FULFILLED **NOW**... THE **ANSWER** IS **WITHIN** THIS BUILDING ITSELF... BUT WILLIAMS, ALIAS THE **WEREWOLF MACABRE**... IS UNWARE OF **ANYTHING** AS HE SEARCHES FOR AN **EXIT** FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

...BUT INSTEAD OF AN *EXIT* TO *FREEDOM*... HE ENTERS THE OFFICERS' MESS TO CONFRONT 20 POLICEMEN WHOSE *SURPRISE* IS MATCHED ONLY BY THEIR *FEAR* AT THIS *AWESOME SIGHT* OF A *WEREWOLF-BEAST* IN THEIR *MIDST*...



...AND SO WE START CHAPTER 2 OF THE *WEREWOLF MACABRE*... TO CONCLUDE THE *WEIRDEST* 2-PART-TALE OF THE *CENTURY*...

THE WEREWOLF MACABRE

© CHAPTER TWO: ©

DRAGNET: WEREWOLF

...NOW... BEFORE WE GET **TOO INVOLVED** IN THE CONFRONTATION OF THIS **WEREWOLF-MACABRE** AND SEVERAL POLICEMEN WHO ARE QUICKLY RECOVERING THEIR SENSES...
 ... BEFORE WE BECOME **TOO INVOLVED** IN THIS **BATTLE** ABOUT TO **ENSUE**...
 ...LET US QUIETLY MOVE TO **ANOTHER ROOM** WITHIN **POLICE HEADQUARTERS**...



...A **ROOM** THAT IS A **SPECIAL ROOM**...

...A **JAIL CELL** THAT IS A **SPECIAL CELL**... A **PADDED JAIL CELL**...



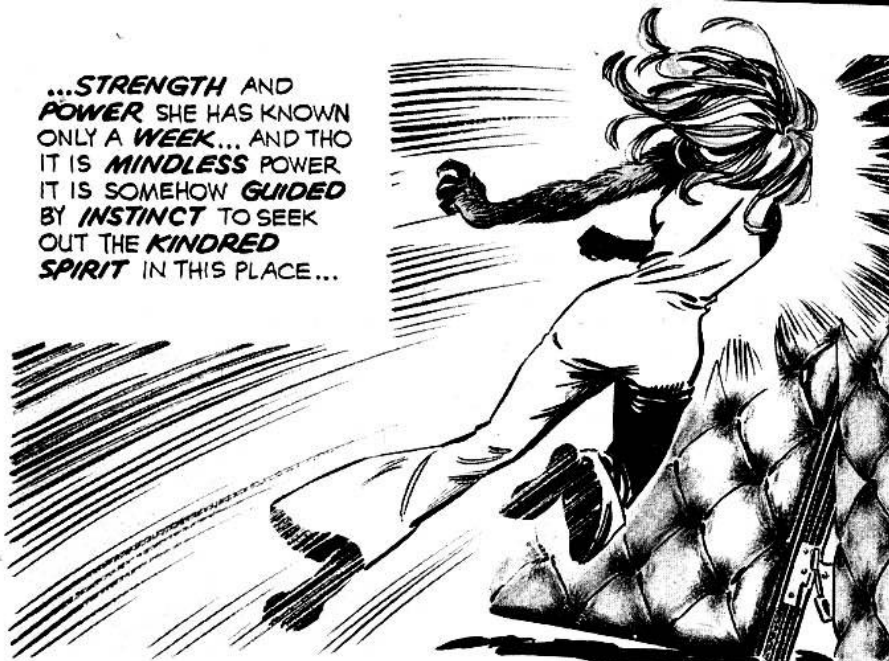
...**WITHIN** IS A QUIET HELPLESS YOUNG GIRL...
 A BIT **RESTLESS**... FOR OUTSIDE IS A **FULL MOON**...

...**HAIR** THAT GROWS **THICK** AND **MATTED**... AND WITH IT COMES IMMEASURABLE **STRENGTH**...



...AND AS ITS **RAYS** STREAK IN THROUGH THE **WINDOW** IT HAS A **REACTION** UPON HER...
 OBSCENE GROWTHS OF **HAIR** APPEAR ON HER **FACE** AND **HANDS**...

...**STRENGTH** AND **POWER** SHE HAS KNOWN ONLY A **WEEK**... AND THO IT IS **MINDLESS** POWER IT IS SOMEHOW **GUIDED** BY **INSTINCT** TO SEEK OUT THE **KINDRED SPIRIT** IN THIS PLACE...



...AND WHEN THEY **MEET** IT IS WITH A **DEGREE** OF **ASTONISHMENT**... THO THEY ARE OF THE SAME **KIND** THEY CANNOT OTHERWISE **COMMUNICATE** WITH EACH OTHER...



...AND BEING CAUGHT UP AT THE STRANGE **SIGHT** OF ONE ANOTHER THEY LAY THEMSELVES **OPEN** FOR THE **POLICE BULLETS** WHICH **RIDDLE** THEM...



BAMM
BAM
BDAMBDAM
BDAM BDAMMM

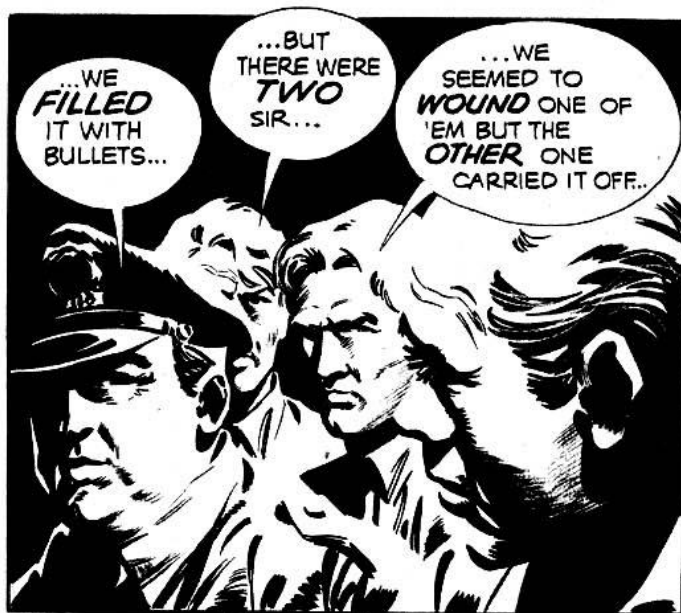
...AND THO IT CANNOT BE **FATAL** TO ONE WITH **SUPERHUMAN POWERS**, THE **HAIL** OF **EXPLODING SHELLS** WITHIN THE **HEAD** OF **TED WILLIAMS**, ALIAS THE **WEREWOLF-MACABRE**, CAUSES HIM TO **SPIN** AND **LOSE** **CONSCIOUSNESS**...



...**NOW** BEGINS THIS TALE... **NOW** BEGINS THE **DRAMA** OF **EMOTION** AFTER THIS **BIZARRE** CONFRONTATION... AS ONE WHO IS **DOOMED** TO **DIE** IS **SAVED** FROM **DEATH'S DOOR** AND CARRIED INTO THE **NIGHT**...



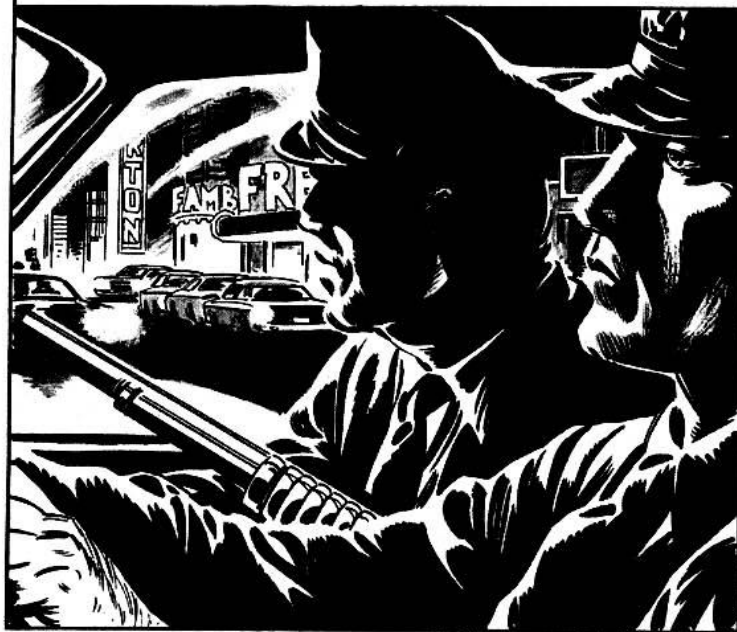
...**NOW**... BEGINS THE **POLICE OPERATION** THAT **CHICAGO** WILL NEVER FORGET... **DRAGNET: WEREWOLF...**



...THUS STARTS THE BIGGEST MANHUNT IN *CHICAGO'S HISTORY*... THE POLICE TRYING TO REGAIN THEIR LOST *SELF-DIGNITY* AT LETTING THE *BEAST* OUT FROM THEIR VERY *OWN HEADQUARTERS*...



...BUT THO EVERY MAN ON THE FORCE IS EMPLOYED TO SEARCH AFTER THE WERE-THINGS, THEY NATURALLY DO NOT LOOK IN THE *MOST OBVIOUS* PLACE...



...IN AN ALLEY BEHIND *HEADQUARTERS* WHERE 2 MUTE *BEASTS* WATCH SILENTLY THE MIGHTY POLICE DEPARTMENT BEGIN ITS *SEARCH* FOR THEM...



...WE KNOW THE STORY OF **ONE** OF THESE 2... **NOW** IT IS TIME TO LEARN THE TALE OF THE **OTHER**...

...IT BEGAN AT A EUROPEAN **BORDER POINT** IN 1942 WHEN A **MAN** AND A **WOMAN** WERE FLEEING THE NAZI REIGN OF TERROR... THEY WERE **CIRCUS PERFORMERS**... **HE** A '**BARKER**'... **SHE**, OBVIOUSLY, A '**BEARDED LADY**'...



SO...YOU WISH TO LEAVE **GERMANY**... WHY IS THIS?



...WE ARE **ENTERTAINERS** OBERST...
...WE TRAVEL ABOUT THE **WORLD** ENTERTAINING...

...YOU DO NOT LOVE YOUR GERMAN HOMELAND?

YES BUT... BUT WE ARE ENTERTAINERS... WE MUST ENTERTAIN...

...ARE YOU TIRED OF ENTERTAINING **GERMANS**?...

...IS YOUR **UGLY WIFE** TIRED OF **AMUSING** GERMANS?



MY WIFE SIR... IS AS PROUD OF OUR HOMELAND AS I AM BUT...

...BUT YOU WISH TO **LEAVE** HAH? NO **TRUE** ENTERTAINER WOULD **LEAVE** WHEN SO MANY **GERMAN** TROUPS NEED AMUSEMENT...



...KILL HIM...



OH MY GGG!

THRAKKK



... WHAT THE NAZIS DID NOT REALIZE
OF COURSE, WAS THAT THE MAN WHO
THOUGHT HE WAS REALLY *WAS*
WHAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS... AND
WHEN THE FULL MOON LIFTED INTO
THE SKY THAT NIGHT THE WOMAN
WAS *ALONE* WITH HIM IN THAT *CELL...*
A *PREGNANT WOMAN ALONE*
IN THAT SAME CELL WITH A
WEREWOLF...



...THE CHILD GREW...AND AS AN **ADULT**
CAME TO **AMERICA**...TO **CHICAGO**...
NEVER EXHIBITING SIGNS OF **ANYTHING**
UNUSUAL... LIKE TED WILLIAMS...
UNTIL ONLY **DAYS** AGO... SHE HAD LIVED
A **NORMAL LIFE**...

...IT REQUIRED A **CATALYST**...
SOMETHING **OUTSIDE** OF THEM
TO BRING WHAT WAS **DEEP**
INSIDE OF THEM **OUT**...



...AND THAT MACABRE CATALYST WAS
THE **OTHER**... WHEN THEIR **ENERGIES**
MET IT WAS **FATE** THAT A
REACTION SHOULD OCCUR... AND
THAT **REACTION** WAS A **POSITIVE**
MANIFESTATION OF THEIR LATENT
LYCANTHROPIC LUSTS...

...I DON'T
KNOW YOU
BUT... I
LOVE
YOU...



...AND I
DON'T KNOW **YOU**
BUT... I KNOW WE
ARE **BOUND** TO EACH
OTHER FOR **ETERNITY**...
AS IN **LOVE**... AS IF
WE WERE, AS
ONE...

...AND AS THEY **KISS**... THEY KISS
NOT **CARING** WHETHER THEY ARE...
2 HUMANS ...OR **2**
WEREWOLVES...



...THERE...
IN THE
ALLEY...



...IT'S THE
THINGS...

...**FIRE**
ON THEM...

...**KILL THEM**
THIS TIME BEFORE
THEY HAVE A CHANCE
TO **RUN**...

BAMMM

BLAMM

BLAMM

BAMBM

BAMMB

BAMM
BAMM

BAMM

NO...
WAIT...
YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND...



...YOU'VE
KILLED
HER...

...**GOD**
...YOU'VE
KILLED
HER...





...HE COULD HAVE TOLD THEM... THAT THEY DIDN'T KILL HER WITH THE BULLETS BECAUSE THEY WERE **SILVER BULLETS**... JUST THE FACT THEY WERE **BULLETS** WERE ENOUGH... THEY KILLED HER AS A **WOMAN**... AS A **HUMAN**...



...HE **COULD** HAVE TOLD THEM... BUT HE **DIDN'T**...

... BECAUSE... THERE WAS JUST **NO POINT**...



ON THE DAY THAT THE STRANGER CAME, THERE WERE CLOUDS IN THE SKY. NOT THE LIGHT CLEAR KIND, BUT **DARK** AND **FORBIDDING**. NOT MANY PEOPLE SAW IT, AND IT WAS A **PITY**... BECAUSE THEY SURE WERE A SIGN OF THINGS TO COME!



IT WAS JUST A SMALL TOWN, SO ALMOST EVERYONE KNEW ABOUT HIM BEING THERE. WE DIDN'T MUCH CARE THOUGH, BECAUSE THE STRANGER KEPT TO HIMSELF, AND DIDN'T **BOTHER** ANY OF US.

BESIDES, NOT MANY STRANGERS CAME INTO TOWN, SO WE THOUGHT A NEW FACE WOULD BE PLEASANT. BUT THE MAN JUST GOT A ROOM IN THE HOTEL AND NEVER CAME OUT.

THINGS WERE ALWAYS QUIET IN TOWN, AND NOT MUCH EVER HAPPENED, EXCEPT FOR THE WEEKLY SQUARE DANCE AT BENSON'S BARN. EVERYONE ALWAYS TURNED UP AT THE DANCE, AND IT WAS THE SAME ON THIS PARTICULAR SATURDAY NIGHT.



EVEN AT THE BARN DANCE, NOTHING EVER HAPPENED, EXCEPT FOR EVERYONE HAVING A GOOD TIME. THAT'S WHY WE WERE ALL **SCARED** WHEN BOBBY THOMPSON CAME INTO THE BARN. HE WAS MISTY-EYED AND LOOKED AS IF HE WAS **ROARING DRUNK**. AND HE WAS CARRYING A **GUN**!



WE ALL STOPPED DANCING, AND EVEN THE FIDDLER STOPPED PLAYING. **BOBBY THOMPSON** DIDN'T SAY **ANYTHING**... JUST **LOOKED** AT US. THEN, AS SIMPLE AND AS SLOW AS YOU PLEASE, HE RAISED THE GUN AND **SHOT** TOM POTTER! THAT WAS THE FIRST THING THAT HAPPENED...

WHEN THE DEATH SENT US DEATH!



HE DIDN'T EVEN **TRY** TO **ESCAPE**...
JUST WAITED FOR US TO GRAB HIM AND
TAKE HIS GUN AWAY.

WHY'D YOU DO IT **BOBBY**?
WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?

HE JUST LOOKED AT US, BUT HE NEVER
SAID A WORD. A FEW OF US TOOK HIM
DOWN TO THE JAIL, AND HE NEVER SO
MUCH AS **WHISPERED** ALL THE TIME.



WE WENT HOME, BUT IT WASN'T **OVER**. WE
FOUND THAT OUT SOON ENOUGH WHEN
CARL RILEY WALKED INTO THE RESTAURANT
THE NEXT DAY.

CARL! WHAT'RE
YOU DOING WITH
THAT **GUN**?

HE DIDN'T SAY A THING...JUST SHOT THE
GUN UNTIL IT WAS **EMPTY**. WHEN HE WAS
OUT OF BULLETS THERE WERE ONLY TWO
OF US LEFT.



THIS IS **INSANE!**
TWO **MURDERS** IN
TWO **DAYS!** WE'VE
NEVER EVEN HAD SO
MUCH ASA JAWWALKER
IN THIS TOWN.

MIGHT HAVE
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THAT **NEW GUY**
OVER AT THE **HOTEL**.
THINK WE OUGHT TO
GO OVER AND TALK
TO HIM?

OKAY THEN, WE'LL LEAVE.
BUT I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU
TO STAY TOO MUCH **LONGER**.
WE'VE NEVER HAD ANY
TROUBLE IN THIS TOWN
BEFORE, AND PEOPLE MAY
START THINKING YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
ALL THIS.

SORRY SHERIFF...
CAN'T HELP YOU. BEEN
IN MY ROOM EVER
SINCE I CAME INTO
TOWN.

WE LEFT, BUT I DIDN'T REALLY TRUST THE
STRANGER. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT
IT TO THE SHERIFF, BUT I DECIDED I'D COME
BACK TO THE HOTEL ROOM THAT **NIGHT**.

AND I **DID**. THAT NIGHT, I CLIMBED UP THE
FIRE ESCAPE AT THE BACK OF THE HOTEL,
AND WENT TO THE STRANGER'S ROOM.

I WENT INTO HIS ROOM, AND HE WAS STANDING THERE, JUST LIKE HE **KNEW** I WAS COMING.

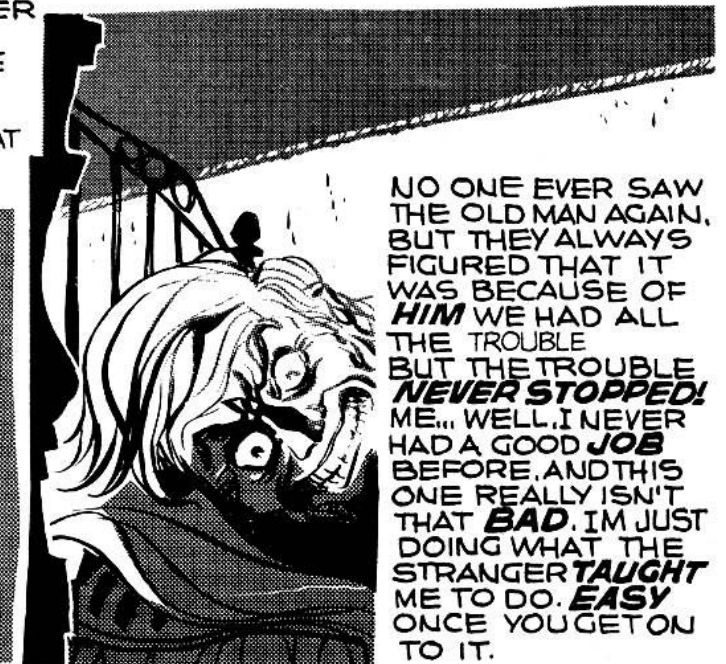
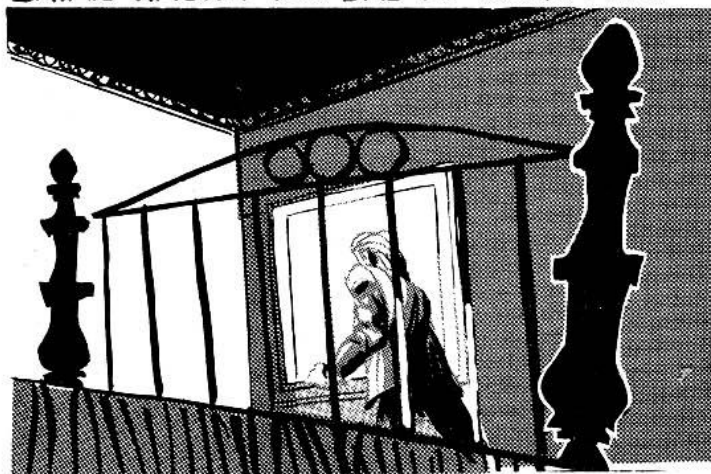
THE STRANGER **LEFT** THE NEXT DAY, AND **AGAIN** THERE WERE CLOUDS IN THE SKY, AND **AGAIN**, THEY WERE **DARK** CLOUDS.



BUT THE MURDERS KEPT ON HAPPENING. NO ONE COULD FIGURE IT OUT, AND ME, I DIDN'T EVEN TRY. A FEW DAYS LATER I RENTED THE STRANGER'S ROOM AT THE HOTEL.



SEEMS THE STRANGER WAS A MESSENGER FOR SATAN, WENT AROUND BRINGING **HARDSHIP** TO PEOPLE, AND WHENEVER HE LEFT, HE MADE SURE THE **HARDSHIP STAYED**. HE SAID HE WAS ONLY ONE OF A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO DID THE SAME THING, SAID THAT HIS KIND **ALWAYS** NEEDED HELP AND THAT SATAN WASN'T TOO BAD TO WORK FOR.



NO ONE EVER SAW THE OLD MAN AGAIN, BUT THEY ALWAYS FIGURED THAT IT WAS BECAUSE OF **HIM** WE HAD ALL THE TROUBLE BUT THE TROUBLE **NEVER STOPPED!** ME... WELL, I NEVER HAD A GOOD **JOB** BEFORE, AND THIS ONE REALLY ISN'T THAT **BAD**. I'M JUST DOING WHAT THE STRANGER **TAUGHT** ME TO DO. **EASY** ONCE YOU GET ON TO IT.

... the cliffs overlooking HELL
are not far from my house ... I
sit now looking down at the waters
that deceive the eyes — calm and
placid and warm, a little yacht sails
about, and across the bay the old
abandoned Fort Loomis hovers
quietly on the wall of rock that is
Damnation Island. It is hard for me
to think of the sight before me as
anything but the simple scene it is
now ... but — yesterday it was not
this way at all ... yesterday the vile
thing that came up out of the Bay
made the waters twist about and the
earth heave terribly ...



... it was a thing come up from
within the earth to devour us — we
who inhabit the surface ... the
strong come up to eat the meek ...

THE GHOUL OUT OF HELL

by Archaic AL HEWETSON

illustrated by Macore MAELO CINTRON

... my name is Martin Emglon; this town is Hume on the Lake, a jut on a high flat land beside a Bay on the Atlantic. I live near the graves on Death Hill, I'm left alone and to myself — no-one cares to know the village crypt-keeper ... few come to visit their dead up here — and so, I'm left to myself ... they think I'm old and will die up here. There is nothing about Hume on the Lake to make it a special place; in the summer some people put on some old Shaw plays and people come to see them, but otherwise there's nothing here, except it's a nice, clean, pretty place ...

... yesterday I was sitting on my roof watching some boats trying to make a landing on Damnation Island. Some kids were trying to clamber onto the rocks but the waves battered their rowboats about too much and they couldn't get a hold on the slimy, smooth surfaces. They were about to give up when the waters underneath them began twisting and snarling about and the whole ocean seemed to erupt in a churning, seething fury ... then the thing came up ... coated in green slime and brown mucus, it stood erect like a man ... it was more than 8 feet high and its arms were thick as fire-logs and all gnarled like rotted tree roots ... its head was loose flesh that seemed to jiggle like jelly when it moved; its mouth was matted thick with old dead hair that hung down covering almost all its face ... it was bellowing and howling and shrieking so fiercely it deadened-out the screams of the children ...

... it grabbed one of the little boats and threw it ashore, smashing it to bits ... the kids in it were thrown all about the shore, their heads were crushed, most of them, all of them lay still and unmoving when they hit the ground. Some of the kids were drowning in the water. Two of the big boys were hitting the thing with their oars but the ghoul just grabbed them and snapped the limp bodies in half like twigs ... it was an awful sight ...

... the sight only lasted a few minutes, I saw all of it, sitting on my perch on my roof, looking across the Bay ... the thing killed all the kids, dragged some of them back underneath with it when it decided the carnage was finished ... in its bloody wake the dead bodies of the children littered the island edge, half-in half-out the water, some of them drowned, some of them battered and smashed up beyond recognition, all of them dead ...

... they'll be buried up here in a few days I guess, up here on Death Hill ... I made a few graves this morning, thinking about them. Thinking about what I'd seen I really have to question nature and what monstrosities are on this earth that we know nothing of ... ghouls ... things living under the earth ... monsters living in the oceans we've never seen ... things without minds that can reason out their actions. It was a horrible sight — those kids all dying — makes you wonder ...

... I was wondering too, as I watched yesterday, if I could maybe kill the damn ghoul ... maybe blow its head off with a ball from my old musket. I was going to try yesterday but I was too intensely involved watching the scene, seeing the monster, seeing the kids dying ... I just didn't want to leave to get my gun less something exciting happened when I was away ... but now I'm ready — sitting here on my roof with my musket in my lap — I'm waiting for it ... when it comes up again I'll try to put a shot into its brain ...

...A WRETCHED BUNCH OF LETTERS AND DEGENERATE ANNOUNCEMENTS...

... some interesting notes from the following MOOD-TEAM fanatics out there ... MIKE ALFORD of the University of Mississippi writes: "... I spend about \$40 a month on magazines ... since I buy two of each, one for my collection and the other just to READ ... I desperately need PSYCHO #7, someone stole mine ..."

EVAN GINZBURG of Walt Whitman H.S. in Brooklyn writes: "... my favorite characters are THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, my favorite story is a cross between 'WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW' and 'NIGHT OF THE MUTANT EATERS' ... my favorite title is 'WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW,' but my favorite artist is FUJITAKE, so I don't know which to pick! ... If I were to make up the title of a story it'd be 'DEATH LURKS ON' ... my favorite writer is HEWETSON, favorite artist — FUJITAKE, favorite cover artist — KEN KELLY ..."

... Evan's suggested story title: 'DEATH LURKS ON' is great — like so MANY of the titles we receive daily from you interested weirdos who are just about as weird as WE are!! ... like TOM HOOTEN of Greenville Junior H.S. in Greenville, Texas who suggests: 'SPARGON LIVES' ... WILLY KOZLIK of Northfield, Ohio, who suggests: 'FROGS ARE RULERS' ... RICK GHAUL of Burlington City High in Burlington, New Jersey suggests: 'REVIVAL OF SATANISM' ... ZEB FOSTER of Harvey, Illinois who suggests: 'FRIGHT' ... JODY MORSE of Edwards, Montana who suggests: 'BEWARE THE DEMONS OF EARTH' ... THERESA GIZZI of Henryette, Oklahoma, who suggests 'THE PIT OF DEATH' ... JOEY GUTH of Connecticut, Ohio, who suggests: 'FRANKENSTEIN'S NIGHTMARE' ... MAL DESCHAUX of Darby J.H.S. in Darby, Pennsylvania who suggests: 'GARGOYLES DON'T HURT' ... CLARENCE FLUKER of P.S. 99 in New York: 'HOLD BACK THE KNIFE' ... LOUIS SOTOLONGO of Westinghouse H.S. in Brooklyn, New York who suggests: 'SCREAM OF THE BANSHEE' ... and VICTOR

SHARPE of Lake City Elementary School in Lake City, Tennessee who suggests: 'NIGHT OF THE SWAMP MONSTER' ... weird-titles all and each of 'em — and our thanks to you for sending them in ... they've got our brain pebbles going and as a result we got some pretty WEIRD ("weird" is our word of the month) titles appearing soon like: 'THE VAMPIRE OF THE OPERA' ... 'THE BOUTIQUE MACABRE' ... 'THE BLACK ORCHIDS AND THE TALE OF ANNE' ... 'THE BLACK SCULPTURE OF THE PHARAOHS' ... 'THIS HAUNTED EARTH' ... 'AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VAMPIRE' ... 'UNCLE ED'S GRAVE' ... 'GET UP AND DIE AGAIN' ... 'MAXWELL'S BLOODY HAMMER' and 'I NEVER HEARD OF A GHOST ACTUALLY KILLING ANYONE!!' ...

... HOWARD DAVIS, architect, writes us that THE HEAP is about as interesting as a TORNADO and that SOMETHING has gotta be DONE ... we HAVE done something ... you'll note he isn't IN this issue and he won't appear again EVER unless you, the readers, DEMAND IT ... maybe you'd like to see an entirely NEW LOOK to this MINDLESS MASS OF DESTRUCTION? ... if so ... let us know WHAT you'd like to see and we'll get GOING on it ...



... remember the YES-HEAP, NO-HEAP VOTE? ... we're still receiving votes on it ... one of the most INTERESTING comments we received came in an envelope belonging to THE MONSTER TIMES ... that 'interesting' newspaper ...

... the coupon was signed "the editors — the monster times" and this is what it had to say:

"... without a doubt, this is the best monster story we have ever read ... the great use of human pathos and human interest is a model of great comic book scripting ... if you keep writing them this well, the Heap will be a funnier character than Uncle Scrooge ..." the coupon also indicated the sender wishes to see the HEAP continued ...

... BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT ...



proud dad
Herschel Waldman

... congratulations to Homicidal Herschel Waldman and Cryptic Celia Waldman who, on the Psycho #15 June schedule, gave birth to a bouncing baby boy: Alexander Benjamin (Who hereafter shall be referred to as ANTIQUATED ALEXANDER) ... two days after ANTIQUATED ALEXANDER was born he surprised everyone by coming into the SKYWALD office and demanding Archaic Al make him a MOOD-TEAM staff member ... when we asked him politely whether he wanted to be a writer or an artist, he pounded his little green fist on the desk and said: GOO GAH UGH HOOP OOK! So we made him a WRITER! ...

... MOOD-TEAM WISHES to the WALDMANS on this MACABRE BIRTH ...

... weird rap folk ...

R.I.P.

-ARCHAIC AL-

... become involved — help us understand your likes n' dislikes by filling in this coupon — the first 5 entries will receive an advance copy of the next issue ...

... NIGHTMARE # 16 ...

my favorite story this issue is:

comment:

name: age:

address:

city n' other:

mail to: SKYWALD BEST STORY
Skywald Publishing Corporation
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y. 10017



... this is ... BORRELL

... ANTONIO BORRELL, from the age of 6, was an artist ... he lived art, slept art, breathed art, ate art! (You have any idea how rotten painted canvasses taste?) All his satisfactions were from art, and in his education all his studies were artistically bent! Besides comics, Borrell loves painting and stone sculpturing! (At the age of 10, Borrell sculptured a 20-foot high, 2,000 ton statue of Smokey the Bear ... unfortunately it was so heavy it sunk beneath the earth and hasn't been seen since!) Archaeology has also been of great interest to Borrell (and on weekends, you can find him in his backyard digging for the ruins of Pharaoh Harmhab IV's tomb — unfortunately, he lives in Poughkeepsie, New York and has a long way to dig!) Seriously tho, he does own a personal museum, several magnificent pictorial and sculptural works of his own creation, and certain important finds about the origin of man ... Borrell feels he best expresses himself in color art, and before long Skywald may be presenting samples ... Boorish Borrell is a Mood-team member with an exciting feeling for horror ... and has a great future ...



SAMPLES FROM THE HORROR-MOOD WORKS OF BORRELL

WHERE ARE YOUR MEN?

WE GOT **BUSTED UP** A WAYS BACK ... **GUERRILLAS** GOT US IN A **CROSS FIRE** FROM A BUNCH A **TREES**... WE HADDA **SPLIT UP**...

... I WAS RUNNING AN' SAW THE CHILD **STUMBLE** IN THE MUD AND...

KEEP YO'RE HEAD **UNDER** LITTLE GIRL... UNLESS YOU WANT THE **FREAKS** TO **BLOW IT APART** FOR YA...

YOU TRUST OL' **HAWK**... I'LL GET YOU OUT...

POOOOSHHHH

PPPPPSHHH

POOOOSH



THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES

TALES BY

SCREAM

TALES OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

LADY SATAN

MOSEFERATU

PSYCHO

TALES OUT OF HELL

THE SAGA OF THE VICTIMS

...TO START OUR *FICTIONAL NARRATIVE OF THE MACABRE* WE PRESENT AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT THAT HISTORIANS *KNOW* IS *TOTALLY TRUE*...



...THIS IS A KIPCHAK WARRIOR SHIP... IT IS THE YEAR 1346

...THIS SHIP ENTERED THIS GENOESE TRADING PORT IN THE CRIMEA TO PLUNDER AND CONQUER... BUT THE DEFENCES OF THE TOWN WERE TOO *STRONG* AND THEY DEFEATED THE WARRIORS...

...ABOARD THIS SHIP WERE *SICK MEN*... THEY CARRIED WITH THEM A RARE UNNAMED DISEASE FROM CHINA... ONE WHICH HORRIBLY MUTILATED AND DETERIORATED THEIR BODIES WITHIN *DAYS*... HISTORY KNOWS THIS DISEASE WAS *THE BLACK PLAGUE*... AND *THIS*... IS HOW IT CAME TO EUROPE TO *KILL*...



...REALIZING HE WAS DEFEATED...KNOWING HIS MEN WERE **DOOMED** TO IMMINENT DEATH IN THE HANDS OF THIS MACABRE DISEASE...THE CAPTAIN ORDERED THE ALREADY-DEAD AND DECAYING CORPSES OF MANY OF HIS CREW TO BE PLACED INTO CATAPULTS ABOARD SHIP...AND **HEAVED THE DEAD INTO THE TOWN...**



...AS THE SHIP SAILED OFF...THE TOWN QUICKLY CLEARED THE STREETS OF ITS **DISEASED HUMAN LITTER...** BUT IT WAS **TOO LATE...** EUROPE WAS **INFECTED...**



...WITHIN **DAYS...** MOST OF THIS TOWN **DIED...** THOSE WHO FLED TO OTHER TOWNS AND CITIES SPREAD THE DISEASE QUICKLY...WITHIN **MONTHS** ALL OF EUROPE WAS TOTALLY **CRIPPLED...**



...CRIPPLED AS **AFRICA** WAS IN THE 3RD CENTURY B.C....TORTURED AS CONSTANTINOPLE WAS IN 542 A.D.... BUT **NEVER** WAS THE **BLACK DEATH** SO **POWERFUL** AS IN **14TH CENTURY EUROPE... THE BLACK PLAGUE** SLEW VICTIMS FROM THE **ARCTIC CIRCLE** TO THE **MEDITERRANEAN**...



...ITS VICTIMS NUMBERED IN THE MILLIONS...IN 5 MONTHS IN 1656 IN THE CITY OF NAPLES ALONE 300,000 PEOPLE **DIED**...EVEN IN THE **20TH CENTURY OUTBREAKS** HAVE OCCURRED...IN SOUTHERN **ITALY** AFTER THE 2ND WORLD WAR... AND IN 1966 THE **BUBONIC PLAGUE** WAS REPORTED IN **VIETNAM**...



...BUT **THIS SHIP CAPTAIN STARTED IT** IN 1346 BY HIS FATAL ACTIONS IN THAT **GENOESSE** PORT...

...THIS... IS **HISTORY**... RECORDED **FACT** AS DEFINED BY INTERNATIONAL HISTORIANS...

...SO MUCH IS **TRUE**...

...NOW STARTS OUR FICTIONAL SUPPOSITION... WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT **MADMAN** WHEN HE LEFT THAT PORT WITH HIS (LITERALLY) **SKELETON CREW**... WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT **MAN**... HE, WHO SINGLE-HANDEDLY **SLAUGHTERED** **MILLIONS**...

...WHAT HAPPENED TO...

THE ROOTS OF ALL EVIL



...THIS MAN HAS NO NAME THAT IS REMEMBERED...
IF IT **WAS**... IT WOULD RANK WITH **HITLER**...
ARNOLD... **ATTILA**... THANK HEAVENS IT **ISN'T**,
WE HAVE ENOUGH SUCH NAMES TO REMEMBER
AS IT **IS**...

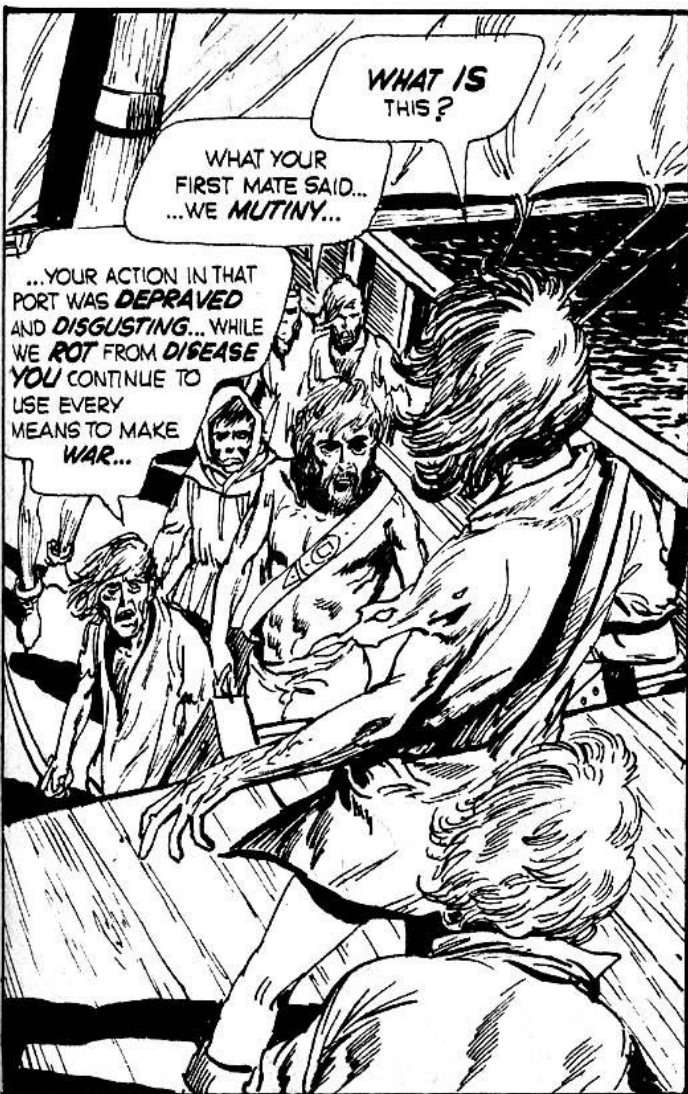


MUTINY!!

WHAT IS
THIS?

WHAT YOUR
FIRST MATE SAID...
...WE **MUTINY**...

...YOUR ACTION IN THAT
PORT WAS **DEPRAVED**
AND **DISGUSTING**... WHILE
WE **ROT** FROM **DISEASE**
YOU CONTINUE TO
USE EVERY
MEANS TO MAKE
WAR...



...THE **WAR**
IS FINISHED...
...WE **LOST**...

...AND AS A
RESULT YOU
KNOW WE CAN'T
RETURN **HOME**...

...NOT THAT WE'D
LIVE LONG ENOUGH
TO MAKE IT **HOME**...
...WE'LL HAVE A **BETTER**
CHANCE WITHOUT **YOU**
AT THE **WHEEL**...





THIS IS MY SHIP...
...MY SHIP...
...I'VE COMMANDED THIS
SHIP FOR 20 YEARS...
...YOU **CAN'T** MAKE
ME LEAVE IT...FOR
THAT REASON
ALONE...
...IT'S **PART**
OF ME...

...GOODBYE
CAPTAIN...



BY GOD I'LL KILL
YOU FOR THIS...
...I'LL GET MY SHIP BACK...
AND I'LL SEE YOU
ROT IN HELL...

...IN THE MEANWHILE...
...YOU...CAN **ROT** WITH
SOME MORE **LOYAL**
VATES...
...THEY AREN'T
ALIVE ENOUGH
TO **COMPLAIN...**



BY GOD...BY GOD I'LL GET THEM...
...I SWEAR I'LL GET THEM...
...**GET THOSE CORPSES OUT OF
HERE... GET THEM OVERBOARD!**
...HAVEN'T YOU GOT
ANY **BRAINS?**...
...GOD...



SIR... THERE'S...
THERE IS NO FOOD
LEFT...OR WATER!

...THE PAIN IS **AWFUL**...
...DO YOU THINK...WE SHOULD
USE YOUR **PISTOL**?

...ON **WHAT?**...

ON **OURSELVES**...
...THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF
THIS...ONLY **DEATH** IN THE
FUTURE...A PAINFUL,
WRETCHED DEATH! LET US
DIE **NOW**... BEFORE WE
DIE FROM THE
HORRIBLE PAIN
ITSELF...

STUPID **COWARDS**...
...KILL YOURSELVES IF YOU
LIKE... HERE IS THE **GUN**...
...I **WON'T**... I WILL DIE
ONLY ON MY **SHIP**...
NOWHERE **ELSE**...



WAAKKK











...THE BODIES...
...AREN'T DEAD...
THEIR **GROWING...**
CHANGING...

...NO... THEIR
ROTTING
BEFORE MY
EYES... TH'S PLAGUE
IS **RETURNING**
THEM TO THEIR
ORIGINAL **FORM...**
... **FLESH...** BONELESS
FLESH... LIKE IN A HUMAN
WOMB...

...TURNING THEM
INTO THEIR
ORIGINAL
SHAPE...

RRRMMMGGMMM



MY **GOD...**
... MY LEGS ARE **ROTTING...**
DETERIORATING TO
THEIR **ORIGINAL FORM...**
BUT THE DECK IS **ALSO**
CHANGING...



...THE DECK IS **GROWING** INTO
MY LEGS... EVERYTHING IS RETURNING
TO ITS ORIGINAL **STATE...**
... I'M **ROTTING ALIVE** TO THE
LIVING DECK...

...THE SHIP IS...
... **TURNING BACK INTO A**
LIVING TREE...
... I'M **TAKING**
ROOT!!!...

...WHAT IS SCIENTIFICALLY EITHER
POSSIBLE OR PROBABLE ABOARD
THE DECKS OF THIS DEFORMED,
LIVING SHIP IS HARDLY THE POINT...
THE **ROOTS OF ALL EVIL**
HAVEN TAKEN THIS **MADMAN**
BY THE **THROAT** BY NOW, AND WILL
SOON TWIST AND SNARL AT IT TILL
HE **SUFFOCATES...** BUT HE
WILL NOT DIE... FOR HE HAS
BECOME AS **ONE** WITH A
LIVING PLANT... ONE WHICH
WILL EVENTUALLY **SINK** AND
BEGIN TO TAKE **ROOT** ON THE
OCEAN BOTTOM....



AUGUSTINE FUNNELL REVIEWS

... THE HORROR BOOK OF THE YEAR ...

I AM LEGEND

the novel by
RICHARD MATHESON



MOOD-TEAM BOOK CRITIC
AUGUSTINE FUNNELL



GENE
DAY.73

... RICHARD MATHESON is so far above GENIUS that there should be another word to describe men of his ilk. Of course, there IS no one else of his ilk ... and if you don't believe me, read I AM LEGEND. Since first reading the book (and brother, I've read I AM LEGEND a good number of times), I have never found anything with its POWER ...

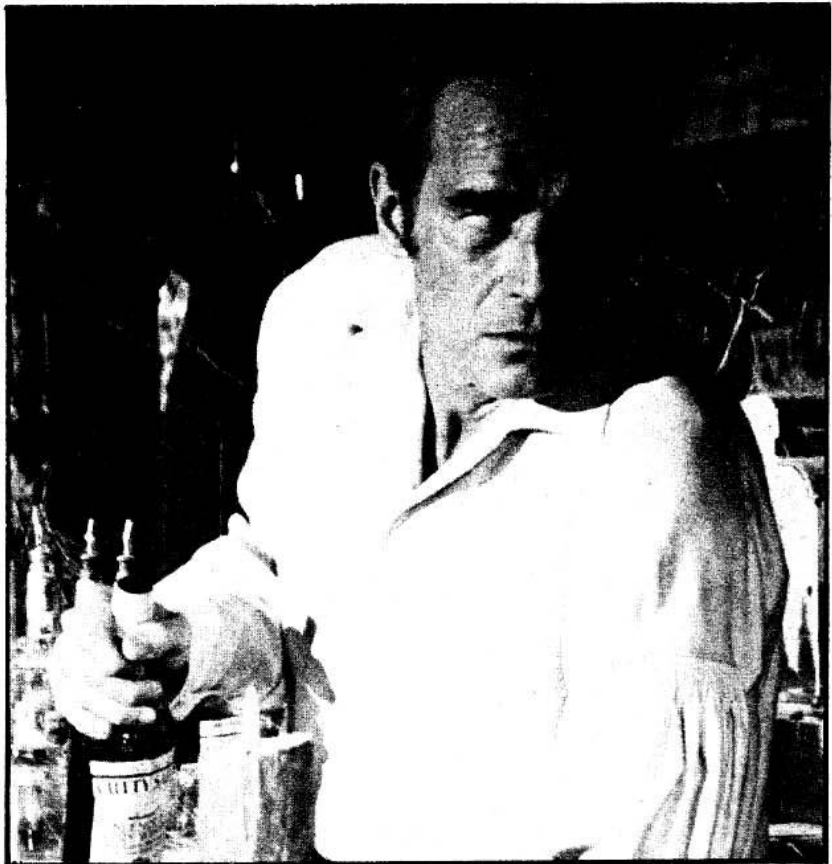
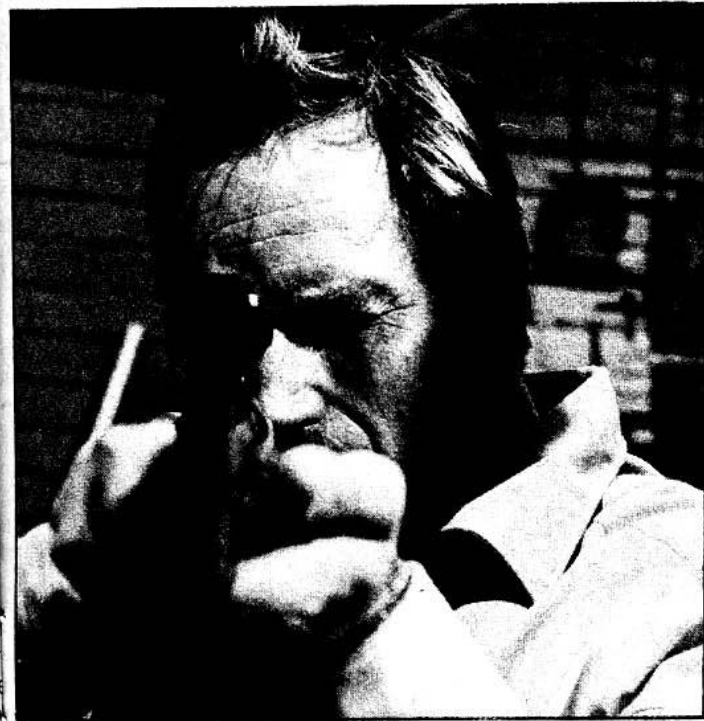
... It's the tale of the last man on Earth but before you go thinking it's another rehash of THAT old plot, lemme explain ...

There are others — but they're VAMPIRES! Matheson has his hero Robert Neville, pitted against these — ahem — gentlemen in an epic struggle for survival. Now, MAN VS. VAMPIRES might sound okay, but Mr. Matheson doesn't STOP there! It's MAN VS. TWO DIFFERENT KINDS OF VAMPIRES!


... This CLASSIC is written with such STYLE that once you read it, you'll fall in LOVE with it ... if only for a somewhat SCIENTIFIC explanation of vampires that doesn't destroy all our SUPERNATURAL beliefs ... And if THAT doesn't grab you, the ENDING is gonna leave your spine a-TINGLING like it's never tingle BEFORE!

... Believe me, there has NEVER been a book like this one, and unless Mr. Matheson writes it, there will never be ANOTHER. I AM LEGEND is not a current book, but it's my nomination for the horror novel of ANY YEAR! I recommend it!

... artist GENE DAY illustrated this dramatic scene of horror from I AM LEGEND, portraying Robert Neville moments after his slaughter of several vampire things who dominate this future-earth ...



... many of our readers will know 'I AM LEGEND' by another title ... 'THE OMEGA MAN' ... a few years ago the book was adapted for the macabre Screen Screen cinema with Charlton Heston in the lead role — it was an exciting and well-made movie (tho not completely accurate to the original novel) and we recommend you see it ... 'The horrors of the future have never been so clearly dramatized as in THE OMEGA MAN' — based on I AM LEGEND by Richard Matheson ... it's a "HORROR-WINNER" ...



ON THE WINGS OF NETHER MIST,
THE SOFT AND SENSUOUS MURMURS PASS,
'TWIXT MARBLE STONES OF ANCESTORS PAST!

GNARLED-RIBBONOUS SHADOWS FLOAT,
NEATH HOARY LIMBS OF ROTTEN OAK,
AS MEMBRANOUS WINGS BEAT SOFTLY
IN THE NIGHT!

THE SOUNDS OF SPIRITLESS SHADOWS,
WHO BEAR THE CRIMSON SIGNET,
WHO PINE-CLAD SLEEP WITHIN
THE EMBRACE OF DEATH,
WHILE NEVER HAVING DIED...

THE

WRITTEN BY ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY PABLO MARCOS

VAMPIRE!

PABLO
MARCOS

BETWIXT THE THIN LINE THAT SEPARATES
THE **GROTESQUE** PATCHWORKS OF NIGHT
FROM MERE SHADOWS OF THE DAY, AN
OMINOUS SILHOUETTE STANDS BLACK
AGAINST THE LUMINOUS ORB.



A TATTOO... BEATEN BY
HEAVY **SKINNED** WINGS
AS THEY CLIP THE PRE-
DAWN BREEZES...



... PRESAGES THE
LANDING OF BAT
TURNED MAN!!!



INDEED, THIS
NIGHT HAS NOT BEEN
WITHOUT IT'S
GLORIES!!!



BUT NOW, WITH
BODY'S **THIRST** QUENCHED,
MY MIND CRIES FOR
NOTHING BUT **REST!!!**

HOME... SANCTUM SANCTORUM OF CARNAL ILLUSIONS!! DAWN AWAKENS A DREAM OF GLORIES POSSESSED IN THE NIGHT... THE TENDERNESS OF MORTAL FLESH LEFT RAVAGED AND RAGGED... PALE, WHERE ONCE THERE WAS COLOR!!!

HA HA HA HA HA HAAAAA!

MOMMA... MOMMA... HELP ME, MOMMA!!

MOMMA!

AAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!

AAAAWWEEEE!

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MOMMA!

AAAAGGGGHHHHH!!!

AAAAA

AS A MAJESTIC SUN RAISES IT'S
ANCIENT HEAD ABOVE SOARING
PEAKS ON THE HORIZON...

AGAIN!!
**NOSFERATU...
THE UNDEAD!!!**

DOCTOR, YOU
ARE AN **EDUCATED**
MAN... HOW CAN WE
**RID OURSELVES OF
THIS DEMON!??**

OUR SENTA...
SHE IS THE
FOURTH
CHILD THIS
WEEK!!!

**OHH,
SENTA...
SENTA!!!**

SINCE THE
FIRST CHILD,
ON WHOSE NECK
THESE SAME
HIDEOUS
PERFORATIONS
WERE FOUND, I
HAVE BEEN STRIVING
TO RID OUR VILLAGE
OF THIS **UNHOLY**
PRESENCE!

BE ASSURED,
TOMORROW'S
FIRST RAYS SHALL
FIND ANOTHER CHILD
IN HER PLACE!!

LET US
RETURN TO THE
VILLAGE...
**YOU WILL
MEET HIM!!**

INDEED, I HAVE FOUND
THE ANSWER!! FORGIVE
ME, FOR MY HESITATION
HAS COST YOU
A DAUGHTER!!

LATER, AFTER THE **INNOCENT** CHILD'S BODY HAS BEEN
PURIFIED BY THE LOCAL **MAN OF GOD...**

HOW CAN A
MERE CHILD
STAY THIS
BLOOD
LUST!??

NO, MY
FRIEND... **NOT**
A **"MERE"**
CHILD!

HE POSSESSES
THE SPIRIT OF
A SAINT, BUT...

HIS BODY IS
AFFLICTED WITH
A MOST SINGULAR
ILLNESS!!

DAVID!!!

THE SOUNDS OF SMALL FEET RING THROUGH THE HOUSE, UNTIL...

YOU CALLED ME, SIR?



THIS NIGHT WE WILL NEED YOUR HELP! AID US IN DESTROYING THIS EVIL THAT HANGS OVER OUR VILLAGE LIKE THE CEREMENTS OF THE LONG DEAD!!

I WILL HELP IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE!

IT IS THE TASTE OF REVENGE I DESIRE!!

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO??

THE SUN THAT ROSE UPON SUCH HORRORS NOW DESCENDS TO BRING THE HOPES OF A JUST AND SWEET REVENGE!!





OH GOD!!
PLEASE,
MAKE ME
BRAVE!!!

AIM TRUE, MY FRIEND!
BUT, DO NOT FIRE
TILL IT HAS FINISHED
WITH ITS
HIDEOUS ACT!!!

BUT OUR
BULLETS
WILL
HAVE NO...

...HUNNH!?



LOOK...
IT COMES!!!

REMEMBER, NO
MATTER WHAT HAPPENS,
DO NOT FIRE UNTIL
IT HAS FINISHED!!!

GLIDING BETWEEN
THE FOLDS OF
DARKNESS, THE
NOCTURNAL
CREATURE
APPROACHES
ITS PREY!!!



AHHHHHH
SO ALONE...
SO VULNERABLE...



HUH!??

NOOOO!!!
OH GOD... NNNNOOOO!!!

BENEATH THE DARKENED SKY, THE INCARNATE OF EVIL, THAT PRIME-MOVER OF PUTREFACTION LEECHES THE LIFE-BLOOD OF HIS INNOCENT PREY!!!

AS THE FIRE BURNS STEADILY, TURNING MASSIVE LOGS TO NAUGHT BUT GLOWING EMBERS...



SCANT SECONDS LATER, AS THE LIFELESS YOUTH IS TOSSED ASIDE...



BAM! BAM!

BAM! BAM!

BAM!

HA HA HA HA

MERE BULLETS CANNOT STOP THE UNDEAD... YOU ARE FOOLS!!!



SOON, AS EARLY
EVENING NOTES THE
BEATING OF **SLUGGISH**
MEMBRANOUS WINGS...

WINGS
GETTING
HEAVY...
WEAK!!
MUST REST...
**MUST
REST!!!**

WHAT IS
HAPPENING??
CAN HARDLY
WALK...

... **HUNNH??**
WHAT'S
THIS...

... **BLOOD!!?**

I HAVE TRIED
EVERYTHING!!!

**THE
BLEEDING
WILL NOT
CEASE!!!**

**ALREADY
MY LIMBS
GROW
NUMB!!!**

"SWEET RIVULETS
OF SCARLET FLOW
FROM THE
PUNCTURED BODY...
ENERGY AND LIFE
WANE... **UNTIL!!**"

LOSING BLOOD...
WOUNDED!!!

**HOW CAN
IT BE
POSSIBLE??!**

**CRIMSON DROPS SPATTER THE FLOOR IN
AN ENDLESS STREAM, LIKE SO MANY GRAINS
OF SAND WITHIN THE HOURGLASS
OF DESTINY!!!**

IN ANOTHER QUARTER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE...

I THINK WE HAVE
FAILED, AND YOUR
SON'S DEATH HAS
BEEN IN **VAIN!!**

I THINK NOT,
MY FRIEND!!!

IN THE **SCIENCE**
OF **MEDICINE**,
THERE IS MUCH
TO BE **LEARNED!!**

I AM A **SIMPLE** MAN!
I DO NOT **UNDERSTAND!**

WHAT **SICKNESS** COULD
YOUR SON BEAR, THAT
WOULD KILL THE
SPAWN OF SATAN
HIMSELF!??

A **DISEASE**
THAT PREVENTED
HIS **BLOOD**
FROM
CLOTTING!!

ONCE DRAWN THE
BLOOD WILL NOT
CEASE IN ITS FLOW
WITHOUT PROPER
MEDICATION!!

YOU SEE,
MY FRIEND...
DAVID WAS
A...

...**BLEEDER!!!**

THE LOG OF THE WHALER "AMBERGRIS" (WHICH SAILED OUT OF BOSTON IN 1862), TELLS THIS STRANGE STORY...WHETHER IT IS TRUE OR NOT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY, AS IMPOSSIBLE AS IT IS TO THINK THAT...

HELL HATH NO FACE

WRITTEN BY HARVEY LAZARUS ILLUSTRATED BY RICARDO VILLAMONTE

WELL,
IT'S BEEN A
GOOD TRIP,
TOM...

AYE,
CAP'N... IT'S
BEEN A GOOD
TRIP, SIR...

CAP'N...
MY GOD, CAP'N...
SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING IN
THE WATER
TO PORT...

OUR BELLY
IS FULL OF
BLUBBER AN' THAT
MEANS OUR POCKETS
WILL SOON BE
FULL OF
GOLD!

IT'S A
MONSTER, SIR...
IT'S CLIMBING
ABOARD THE
SHIP...



...THESE SMALL
MUSKETS WILL
NEVER HURT THAT
**BLOODY
DAMNATION...**

K-PWOON!

...GET THE
CANNON AROUND...
WE'LL **BLAST
ITS HEAD
OFF!!**


WHAT
IS IT,
CAP'N?

K-PNAAK!

WOOOM!


...IT DON'T
MATTER MUCH
WHAT IT IS...WE
JUST 'AVE TO KILL
IT BEFORE IT
KILLS **US!**

...IT DIDN'T
HAVE ANY **EFFECT**
'CEPT IT'S MADE
THE BEAST **ANGRY...**
HE'LL
**DEMOLISH THE
SHIP...**



LOOK OUT,
CAP'N...THE THING
IS TILTIN' THE SHIP...
IT'LL CAPSIZE
US...

NA'R...WE
GOT TOO MUCH
WEIGHT IN OUR HOLD...
BUT IF WE DON'T TAKE
TO COVER. OUR LIVES
WON'T BE WORTH A
PLUGGED CENT...



...IT SEEMS
TO BE
DEVOURING HIM...
IT SEEMS TO BE
ABSORBING HIS
BODY THROUGH
ITS SKIN
PORES...

BY GOD...
IT GOT OLD
MIKE IN THE
CROW'S
NEST...

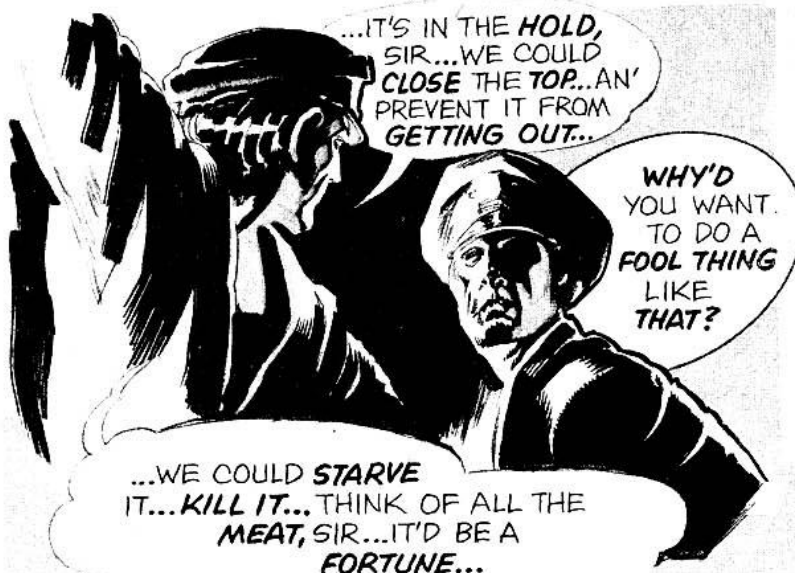
WHAT'S
IT DOING TO
HIM?...IS
IT EATING
HIM?



...IT'S
GOIN' INTO
THE
HOLD!



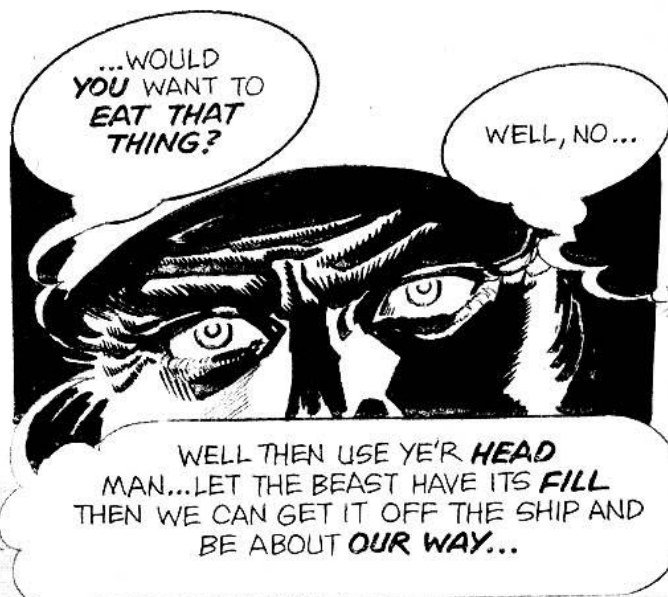
...THE DAMN
THING SMELLED
THE PUNGENT
BLUBBER...IT'S
AFTER THE
WHALE
MEAT!



...IT'S IN THE **HOLD**,
SIR...WE COULD
CLOSE THE TOP...AN'
PREVENT IT FROM
GETTING OUT...

WHY'D
YOU WANT
TO DO A
FOOL THING
LIKE
THAT?

...WE COULD **STARVE**
IT...**KILL IT...**THINK OF ALL THE
MEAT, SIR...IT'D BE A
FORTUNE...



...WOULD
YOU WANT TO
EAT THAT
THING?

WELL, NO...

WELL THEN USE YE'R **HEAD**
MAN...LET THE BEAST HAVE ITS **FILL**
THEN WE CAN GET IT OFF THE SHIP AND
BE ABOUT **OUR WAY...**



WHAT'RE THOSE
DAMN FOOL MEN
DOING DOWN
THERE?

YOU CAN'T TRAP A **THING** LIKE **THAT...**
IT'D BUST THE CEILING OUT OF **HELL**
IF N' IT WANTED...AND YE'LL NOT
STARVE IT EITHER...THERE'S ENOUGH
WHALE MEAT IN OUR **HOLD**
TO FEED AN **ARMY...**

LOOKS LIKE THEY
HAD THE SAME IDEA
AS **I** DID, SIR...THEY'RE
TRYING TO **TRAP** IT...

FOOL MEN...
THEY SHOULDN'T
HAVE TRIED SOME-
THING SO DAMN
STUPID...

LOOK,
LOOK, SIR...IT'S
GOT 'EM...THAT **TENTACLE**
CAME RIGHT UP AN'
GRABBED THEM WITH
A **SINGLE AWFUL**
SWIPE...


THEY DON'T
DESERVE TO DIE...
POOR FOOLS...



SIR, IT'S...
BEEN IN THE HOLD
NEAR TO **SIXTEEN**
HOURS...

...IT CAN STAY
THERE AS LONG AS
IT WANTS...AS LONG
AS IT DON'T **COME**
OUT AN' KILL
ANY MORE
MEN...

...YOU WANT TO
SLEEP?...GO AHEAD
AN' **TRY** THEN...YOU WANT TO
EAT? YOU MUST HAVE AN
AWFUL **THICK HIDE**, MAN...
I'M NOT EVEN **HUNGRY...**
I'M TOO DAMN
SCARED...



IT'S GETTIN'
NEAR DAWN,
SIR...

WE HAVEN'T **SLEPT**, SIR...
AN' THE **FOOD** IN THE
GALLEY...NO MAN WILL
DARE GO
NEAR IT...

...AN'
WHAT DOES
THAT
MEAN?



IT'S COMIN'
OUT, SIR...THE
SERPENT IS COMIN'
OUT!...

EVERYBODY...
JUST **STAY** WHERE
YOU **ARE...** DON'T
TRY TO **ATTACK**
THE **MONSTER...**
IT'S HAD ITS FILL
OF **FOOD** AN' IT JUST WANTS
TO **LEAVE** THE **SHIP...**LET IT
BE AND WE'LL BE SAFE.



YOU WERE
RIGHT, CAP'N...
IT'S SLITHERIN'
DOWN THE
SIDE...

I **TOLD**
YOU...IT JUST
WANTED **FOOD...**

BUT WHY
COME **OUT** OF
THE **WATER?**

I **DON'T**
KNOW...PROBABLY
BECAUSE OF
THE **SMELL...**THE
SMELL OF DEATH...
WAS **ATTRACTIVE**
TO IT...THE **WHALE**
MEAT...



AYE...THIS
TASTES GOOD NOW...
I HAVE AN APPETITE
LIKE THE
MONSTER IT-
SELF...

THE MEN
WANT TO HAVE
A **PARTY**, SIR...TO
CELEBRATE THE
OCCASION...

ALL RIGHT...
LET THEM
HAVE THEIR
PARTY...



COME ON,
TOM...LET'S GO
SURVEY THE
REMAINS...

THE **REMAINS**
OF **WHAT**,
SIR?

THE **REMAINS**
OF **THREE**
MONTH'S WORK
AT SEA...OUR
BLUBBER...
LET'S SEE HOW MUCH
IS **LEFT** OF IT...



...OH, MY
LORD...

WHAT ARE
THEY?...MY GOD...
LORD
ALMIGHTY...

...WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO
DO, SIR?



DO? DO? WHAT
CAN WE **DO?**...GIVE
ORDERS TO THE MEN
IMMEDIATELY...
GIVE THE ORDER

TO **ABANDON SHIP...**
THAT DAMN ABOMINATION WAS A
PREGNANT MOTHER...IT CAME ABOARD
SHIP AS SERPENTS GO ASHORE...TO
DELIVER BABIES...SPAWN...

HORROR PREVIEW



IS IT
NEVER TO END?
WHY?
WHY?



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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S classic tale of sublime,
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RISE FROM THY CRYPT, and WOW, it's

WEIRD



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including :

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OF THE
HUMAN GARGOYLES

"THE
FREAK"
AND
"THE
HUMAN
GARGOYLES
VS. THE
HUMAN
DEAD"

*miss it not !
it's
gonna
be
WEIRD !*



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